

THE CARBON NEWS

VOL. I, NO. 30

CARBON, ALTA., THURSDAY, February 10th, 1921

HUBERT PETERS, EDITOR

QUALITY

SERVICE

SPECIALS
in
ALL DEPARTMENTS
ALL THE TIME
WATCH for THE PRICE CARDS
and
YOUR DOLLARS WILL GROW

The
Coburn Store

Limited
GENERAL MERCHANT

CARBON, Alta.

After January 30th, all
WINTER HATS
will go down 10 p.c. for a clearing out for the Spring Hats.

SPATS worth \$2.75 for \$2.50. SPATS worth \$2.25 for \$2.25.
Why send for goods when you can have them at 31

MILLINERY STORE
C. C. TURCOTTE, Proprietor

JUST ARRIVED
Car Load of Royal Household

FLOUR

Bran & Shorts

**Our Prices are Right on
Men's Shoes and
Gent's Furnishings**

WILSON BROS.
CROSERIES, BAKERY & CONFECTIONERY

Town Topics

Mr. C Heslip was in town last week.

Mrs. J Hemmel returned from a long visit to the coast.

Mr. I. Poxon had a business trip to Calgary last week.

Mrs. D I Pope was a visitor for a few days in Calgary.

Mrs. Harper came back from Calgary last Saturday.

Miss N Kettleson went to Calgary last week, expecting to bring back her mother, but came back alone, for Mrs. Kettleson was not able to venture the trip.

Miss M. Odikerk is back in Carbon, after a short visit to Calgary.

We intended to leave the Village Constable alone this week, but we can't resist a little public advertising for him. Did you notice that the knees of his pants were a little worn? (Now, this is a secret, tell it abroad). Well, he wore out his pants in this manner: searching for clues in the big case we wrote about in our last week's edition.

Very sorry to hear that Mr Jno Atkinson is suffering from a poisoned foot. We hope she will soon be around again.

Considerable interest is being taken in the "Alberta Football Competition" by the football enthusiasts in Carbon. Do not be surprised if you see a Carbonite in the prize-list very shortly. A good healthy way to spend two-bits.

Jim Harper had the misfortune to have his little dog roped in by the town dog catcher. It cost Jim a couple of dollars. We would advise some of the delinquents in this line to invest a couple of dollars, because we saw a well-known marksman cleaning up his old gatling the other day.

Ask Lan Hay to spring you the story about the two Irishmen and the Druggist. It's a good one, boys, and Lan tells it well.

Hurry up with the next Council Meeting, you Councillors. We are getting impatient, and besides we have no place to spend Monday evenings.

Johny Gray paid Carbon a visit last week end.

Oscar Kellar, formerly of the Merchants Bank staff here, has been transferred to the Merchants Bank branch at Strone. We will miss Oscar.

Joe Skerry has returned to Carbon again. He told us that it is permanent this time, as he was discharged from the Hospital because he could not be benefitted.

Geo F. Tutt returned to Carbon on Monday. There has been no celebration, I guess. We were a little premature in last week's edition. Sorry, George.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.
John McDonald's well is still trying.

THE
FARMERS' EXCHANGE
EVERYBODY'S STORE

SPECIAL PRICES THIS WEEK

on

LADIES' PURE WOOL

Sweaters

Prices Cut Away Down

THE FARMERS' EXCHANGE

GENERAL MERCHANTS
CARBON

CARBON MEAT MARKET
FULLER & HARPER

All kind of Fresh and Cured Meats and Fresh Fish
Cured Meat in first-class style. A full line of Lard.

Pork Sausage fresh daily.

Dealers in Cattle and Hogs.

We are prepared to furnish you any Building Materials,
and we solicit a call at the Office to talk over
your Plans. Now is the time to prepare
for your yearly needs in our line.

**IMPERIAL LUMBER
YARDS LTD.**

R. S. SHIELDS, Local Manager

WE ARE AGENTS FOR
**HARRIS WONDER HEALTH
RESTORER**
For Rheumatism

Try a Bottle

Also Templeton's Rheumatic Capsules

REXALL DRUG STORE
F. MORRISON, Phm.B., Dispensing Chemist

In 1892

We first offered the public our

"SALADA"
TEA

Millions now use it to their utmost satisfaction

CHILDREN'S CORNER

The Children of Today are the Parents and Citizens of Tomorrow. In Years to Come the Destinies of Canada Will Be in Their Hands

My dear Boys and Girls:

In my mail bag this week have been some very interesting letters from my nieces and nephews, and I am quite sure if you realized how much pleasure your letters give to me you would write often.

I have received several birth-day dates which I am noting in my birthday book so that I may remember when to mail you the card which I have promised to send.

On this page I am printing a little sketch which Bella Josephine Graham, Trossachs, Sask., has written about her pet dog, in which I am quite sure you will all be interested.

Susie Straub of Hodgeville, Sask., has also sent me some verses by Tennyson which I am printing.

Elva Mundell of Plunkett tells me about a most interesting black horse, but there, I will print her letter next week so that you may read it for yourselves. I was pleased too, to receive a letter from a new nephew named Henry Funk.

I suppose you are all thinking that spring will soon be here, are you not, and planning the delightful things you will be able to do when the weather is nice enough for you to be out again. Indeed, we have had a wonderful winter and people have not been house-bound this year so much as usual. Even so, the spring time of the year is always welcome and Aunt Betty looks forward to it just as much as her nieces and nephews.

Write as soon and as often as you can to me telling me all the news about yourselves, especially the date of your birthdays, so that I may register them in that birthday book about which I have already told you.

Address your letter, Aunt Betty, 903 McCallum Hill Building, Regina, Sask.

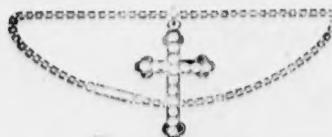
Affectionately yours,

AUNT BETTY.

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

Then the old gentleman walked into the kitchen, and sat himself down on the hob, with the top of his cap accommodated up the chimney, for it was a great deal too high for the roof.

"You'll soon dry there, sir."

FREE TO GIRLS LOVELY NECKLACE


This is an English made necklace, 14 inches long. The Cross is made of rolled gold plate and is set with brilliants. It is very pretty and we will send one to you as a prize if you will sell Three Dollars worth of lovely St. Patrick and Easter post-cards, to sell at ten cents a package. (4 lovely cards in each package).

Send us your name and address and we will send you the cards to sell. When they are sold send us our money and we will send you the Necklace and Cross complete, with all charges prepaid.

HOMER-WARREN CO.

Dept. 114, Toronto.

said Gluck, and sat down to turn the mutton.

But the old gentleman did not dry; he went on drip, drip, dripping among the cinders and the fire fizzed and spluttered and began to look very black and uncomfortable; there never was such a cloak; every fold in it ran like a gutter.

"I beg your pardon sir," said Gluck at length, after watching the water spread in a long, quick-silvery stream over the floor for about a quarter of an hour; "Mayn't I take your cloak?"

"No thank you," said the old gentleman.

"Your cap, sir?"

"No, I am all right, thank you," said the old gentleman, rather gruffly.

"But sir, I'm very sorry," said Gluck, hesitatingly, "but really sir, you are putting the fire out."

"It'll take longer to do the mutton then" replied his visitor, dryly.

Gluck was much puzzled over the behaviour of his guest; it was such a strange mixture of coolness and assurance. Gluck turned away at the string meditatively for another five minutes.

"That mutton looks very nice," said the old gentleman at length.

"Can't you give me a little bit?"

"Impossible, sir," said Gluck.

"I'm very hungry," continued the old gentleman. "I've had nothing to eat yesterday, nor today. They surely couldn't miss a bit from the knuckle."

He spoke in so melancholy a tone that it quite melted Gluck's heart. "They promised me one slice today sir," said he. "I can give you that, but not one bit more."

"That's a good boy," said the old gentleman again.

(Continued)

FOR THE TINY TOTS

The fair maid, who, the first of May
Goes to the fields at break of day
And washes in dew from the Hawthorne tree.
Will ever after handsome be.

* * *

Pretty maid,

Pretty maid,

Where have you been?

Gathering a posie

To give to the queen.

* * *

Pretty maid,

Pretty maid,

What gave she you?

She gave me a diamond

As big as my shoe.

It is always safe to send a Dominion Express Money Order. Five Dollars costs three cents.

Letter to Aunt Betty**A PET I KNOW**

One day my aunt Jenny gave me a cat. It was a tigerish color and I named it "Snookums." One day, while it was down in the cellar it ate some poison which made it sick and it could not eat anything, so my mama opened a can of salmon and gave it to him, and he ate it. After that he was all right.

When I was sewing he would jump up and push the goods out of my hand because he wanted to sit in my lap, and sometimes I would cry, but he would look so cute squirming round in my lap that I would have to laugh after all and put down my sewing and pet him.

One day Snookums went away and didn't come back all that day or night. A friend of mine went out with me to look for him and we saw a girl playing with him on her porch. We asked her for him but she wouldn't give him up, but my friend just took him away from her. Snookums was awfully glad to see me and never ran away again.

BELLA JOSEPHINE GRAHAM

A BALL OF MANY COLORS

A splendid ball may be made from a piece of cardboard and some wool. You can make one as small as a walnut or as big as a football. It all depends upon the size of the card used.

Suppose one just a nice size to handle is required. For that a round piece of cardboard four inches wide is needed. In the middle of the cardboard cut a hole. This must be quite round and should be about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches across. The card should always be about three times as wide as the hole in the middle.

If the ball is to be all one color, unwind a good, long piece of wool. Then put one end of it through the hole in the middle of the card. Bring this end up to the card and hold it there with the finger. Now go on putting

the wool through and through the hole and binding it round the card. It should not be pulled too tight, nor left too loose. Round and round the card the wool is twisted, each time being put through the hole in the centre.

The hole in the middle will soon become full of wool, so that the end will not easily pass through. For the last few turns you may have to thread the wool through the hole with a needle.

When the hole in the middle is quite tight with the wool which has been put through it, take a pair of scissors and cut the wool all round the edge of the card.

Each loop of the wool will have to be cut. Then pull back the pieces, half to one side, and half to the other, so they are all in a line with the centre. Now tie the wool tightly in the middle with a piece of thin, strong string. Having done that, cut the card with the scissors from the edge down to the middle. It can then be pulled out.

There may be a few ragged edges of the wool to trim off with the scissors to make it look smooth and round, but that is all; the ball is finished and ready for play.

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BELLA

Now is the Best Time to have your Kalsomining and Papering done. It will cost you much less than if you wait until Spring.

Out of town work receives prompt attention

Albert Heys

Painter and Decorator

P.O. Box 109

THE MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA

For the past fifty-five years this bank has given particular attention to the business of Farmers.

We have helped many over the rough places, and have aided many more to the highest plane of success.

We are prepared to extend you every legitimate aid in your farming operations.

Come in at any time and talk over your affairs with us. You are always welcome.

J. O. A. LETOURNEAU
LOCAL MANAGER

For Satisfaction in Quality and
Prices you cannot do better
than consult

CROWN LUMBER CO.

We carry a Full Line in
Building Material
Plans and Estimates Free

C. THOMPSON, Manager

W. A. BRAISHER
SADDLER and HARNESS MAKER

invites you to call in and see his stock of Harness for Spring.
He has 50 sets to choose from and will be pleased to show
you how you can save money, when buying Harness.

AUTO LIVERY

A new Dodge Car meets all
trains at Grainger.

Starts from Hotel at 10.00
a.m. and 4.00 p.m.

G. McNeil.

Did you hear about the prize
fight between Willie Dempsey and
Jim Carpenter. No knock out
was scored, but we notice one of
the combatants wore his hat at a
decided Earl Beatty angle, for a
few days. Nuf sed.

We regret to state that little
Cyril Poxon is rather sick and sin-
cerely trust that he will get better
very soon.

A sure sign of coming Spring--
When you see the proud mothers
promenading, with the wee ones.

Mrs Harry Bruehl entertained a
few of her intimate friends, at a
little party on Monday evening.
A pleasant time was had.

Sorry to report that our genial
post master, Mr H. Elliott was indis-
posed for a few days. He is now
on the job again. During his indis-
position, his work was ably carried on by Mrs Elliott.

The annual business meeting of
the Gamble congregation will be
held on Friday Feb. 11th at 8 p.m.
This will also be a big social event.
Every body welcome.

PLAYING IT SAFE

A certain banker, being bald-headed,
was in the habit of wearing his
hat continuously during business
hours. Among his depositors was
a carpenter who seemed very timorous
concerning the safety of his
money, and as this man was drawing
out some one day, the banker said
to him, "Look here, William, why
don't you let your money stay in
the bank?"

"Well," replied the carpenter,
"I'm rather afraid. You see, sir
(here he glanced at the hat the
banker was wearing), "you look
as though you were always ready
to start somewhere."

CARBON HOTEL MISS RUTH ELLIOTT

Thirty Rooms
Electrically Lighted throughout

J. W. BAIRD, Proprietor

DRAYING AND TEAM WORK

done by
TRUMBLAY & GRAY
Reasonable Prices and no waiting

Anybody having SICK ANIMALS or
being in danger will do well to let us
know, as we never lose a chance to
cure or heal them

ARTHUR FLETCHER

A.R.L.I.

Private Maternity Home
ROCKYFORD

Write for Particulars

Coming the
Dixie
Jubilee Singers

on

Wednesday, February 23rd.

at the
FARMERS' EXCHANGE
HALL

JOHN KANERVA

AUTO PAINTING

is our specialty. We paint your
Car from \$15.00 up.

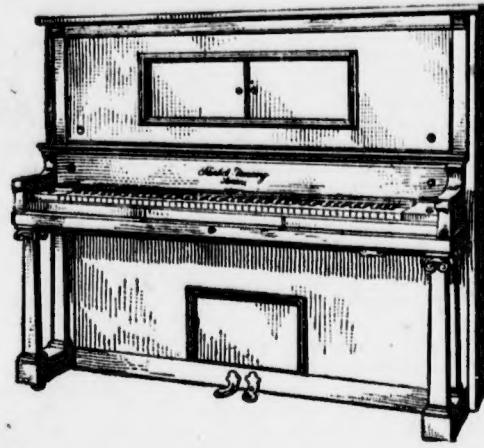
THREE HILLS PAINT SHOP

CARBON BILLIARD HALL

H. M. THORBURN, Prop.
has opened his new quarters next to
Post Office

CIGARS, CIGARETTES, TOBACCO
AND PIPES
always on hand

CANDIES and SOFT DRINKS



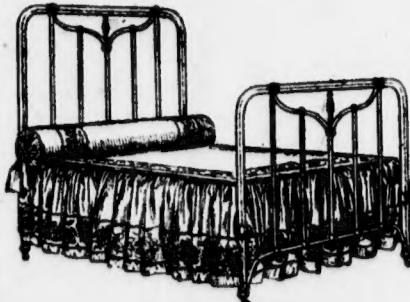
SOLD FOR CASH OR CREDIT

A Few Dining Room Chairs

in Sets of 1 Arm-Chair and 5 Chairs

FUMED OAK

To Be Sold at Cost Price



Mattresses

worth \$13.50

to be sold until January 30th at

\$10.00

Carbon

Furniture Store



All About The Chickens

Some people will tell you that poultry-keeping is a gold brick and others that it is a gold mine. These are the two extremes, and one should listen exclusively to neither the pessimist nor the optimist. It's the average that counts.

I have personally passed through all the different stages of poultry-keeping, and while I've never made "enormous" profits, yet I have always secured satisfactory dividends on my investment of time and money. My poultry business has had to be self-sustaining from its inception, and was enlarged only as profits and experience warranted.

A small flock of chickens might well be kept by almost anyone who has a little yard room and a few minutes of spare time each day. They cut living expenses, as well as make a splendid recreational hobby. As a side line with farm, fruit or dairy, poultry-raising harmonizes well. These are the easy avenues of approach into the poultry business, and they furnish necessary fundamental experience for larger operations.

The Back-Yard Flock

My start was made with a small back-yard flock, and I found that we could produce our own eggs and chicken meat at a cost of about one-half the market prices. The bulk of this country's egg crop comes from the farms and back yards, and one can find hens in modest little flocks everywhere that are busy cutting the cost of living for their owners.

Where hens are kept in large numbers, they are expected to yield a profit of a dollar a head per year. The back-yard flock should do even better. Leisure moments suffice to care for the small house and flock, and table scraps and other waste foods keep the feed bills small. There are probably thousands of people thus situated today who could materially reduce their living expenses by keeping a dozen or two of chickens. Further than that, if one has the room and time, he can enlarge his poultry plant and furnish his neighbors with eggs and chickens; and I know of hundreds of families in small towns and villages who are doing this at a good profit, with flocks of twenty-five to two hundred fowls.

Poultry As a Side Line

As an adjunct to some other occupation, such as farming, fruit growing, gardening, or dairying, poultry can often be made to pay greater profits than would result from giving exclusive attention to the other business. A good reason for this is because fowls have the ability to utilize most of the waste products of the other occupations.

For instance, poultry keeping enables the farmer to bring into profitable use unworkable hillsides and uncultivated woods and meadows, besides turning waste feeds into a source of revenue. Fruit growers find that their yield is increased when fowls have the run of the orchard, because they keep the trees free from bugs and

insects and also enrich the soil. The gardener and dairymen have many waste products, which come in handy for feeding to a flock of hens, while the eggs and chickens can be marketed with their other products at no extra expense.

Moreover, the side line poultry man always has opportunities to build up a private trade among appreciative customers who will pay extra for choice goods. Perfectly clean, fresh laid eggs, and well fattened and carefully dressed carcasses, always command a premium above the regular market quotations.

Making a Business of It

There is money, pleasure and health in a properly managed and well established poultry plant, but the beginner should go slow. An easy way to make a fortune is to theorize on poultry profits, but old heads know that it requires more than theory to make the profits materialize.

Poultry-keeping is not particularly hard work, but on a large scale it is harder than many people imagine. This is true, not because of the heavy muscular labor required, but because the attention must be constant and because it is made up largely of little details like feeding, watering, and cleaning coops, which must be performed so systematically and regularly that they often become tedious and irksome.

As to profits, I have made my own poultry business pay me yearly dividends of from eight per cent. to fifteen per cent. on all capital invested, besides allowing myself a fair salary as manager; but this result was not attained until we had passed through a good many less fortunate experiences.

What a man gets out of any business is now generally known to depend largely upon what he puts into it, and poultry keeping is no exception.

Women Poultry Keepers

It is not just recently that women have played a prominent part in poultry production. A large part of this country's poultry supply has always come from flocks cared for largely by women. On farms the care of the fowls is generally left to the farmer's wife or daughter, because the men are busy with the routine of farm work at most seasons of the year; while in towns the absence of the men from home during working hours leaves the care of the poultry mostly to the women, even where the men take an interest in it.

Most women naturally have certain characteristics, such as gentleness, intuition, and painstaking care, that make for success with fowls. Sometimes they have been known to succeed where men have failed. Certain it is that women can do as well as men with fowls on a small scale, but large flocks may get beyond a woman's strength unless she can frequently press into service some male member of the family or has hired help.

In the Service of Royalty

The Queen's Dresser

Her Majesty's dresser has entire charge of the Queen's wardrobe. The Queen's wardrobe room is a spacious apartment, the walls of which are lined with mahogany wardrobes containing the Queen's state gowns and ordinary evening, day, and afternoon gowns. The wardrobes contain from three to six dresses. Each wardrobe bears a letter, and over each dress there is a number. When the Queen buys a new gown a description of it is entered up in a book kept by the dresser, and over the description of it is the letter of the wardrobe where it is kept and the number of it in the wardrobe.

By this system the dresser can at once put her hand on any dress that the Queen may desire to wear.

Overnight the Queen usually instructs the dresser what dresses she desires to wear the following day and the time she will want them placed in her dressing room.

When the Queen desires to order any new dresses she goes to her modistes to see some new models. They are then shown to her in a private room. Her Majesty on such occasions is generally accompanied by her dresser. The Queen informs the manager of the firm of the alterations that she may desire to have made in a model gown, and after that Her Majesty has not to trouble herself further about the matter. The dresser sees the robe fitted on a model during its making and is able to point out to the fitters exactly how the Queen wishes the gown to be completed.

The Queen has always had a

smaller wardrobe than Queen Alexandra. Her Majesty keeps from twelve to sixteen frocks of all kinds in her wardrobe for wear. When the Queen leaves off wearing a dress it is put into a special wardrobe and eventually given away with other gowns.

It may be mentioned that Queen Mary never sells any of her left-off gowns. The average length of time that the Queen keeps a robe in her wardrobe is about six months, and she would wear it during that period perhaps about two dozen times. When it is borne in mind that many Society women to not wear the same frock more than two or three times, it will be understood how economical Her Majesty is in the matter of dress. The Queen's dresser is a skilful dressmaker and frequently alters the Queen's gowns, and in this way Her Majesty is able to prolong the life of many of her dresses.

The dresser checks over the accounts for all the Queen's apparel when they are passed on to the Queen's secretary for payment. The accounts are settled once a quarter.

In the old days the checking of the Queen's account for dresses was done by the Mistress of the Robes, but since Queen Alexandra's time has been done by the chief dresser. The Mistress of the Robes, indeed, no longer has anything to say to the conduct of the Queen's wardrobe—she is merely in attendance on the Queen on state occasions, such as court or the opening of Parliament.

The Queen's dresser is a well educated woman. She speaks French and German perfectly, though there is not much necessity for her to speak the latter language just now.

With the exception of the housekeeper, she is the best paid of the maid servants and stands in the very highest regard of Her Majesty, in whose employ she has been for over twenty years.

WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

Sheila

The Irish, to whom Sheila undoubtedly belongs, prefer to spell the graceful name, Sheelah. Either form is correct, and the fortunate bearer of the name, growing weary of one version, may turn to the other without fear of affection. Sheila means "blind." It comes from the old Roman, and is popular in Italy in modern times in the guise of Zilia or Celia.

Its earliest origin was among the Coelian gens, founded by the Etruscan general, Coelus Vivenna, who also named the Coelian hill. The wives of dodges in Venice adopted Zilia in honor of this war hero, and the name spread to Naples, where it appeared as Liliola. Just why it should have appealed to the Irish is not clearly understood, unless they, like the French, believed that it had some connection with the heavens, or sky, whose Latin term is "colum." Thus a blue eyed Irish girl might easily have been called Sile or Sheelah under the romantic Celtic idea that the sky was reflected in her lovely orbs.

Curiously enough Sheila spread throughout England. It is very popular here today, but it is rarely spelled Sheelah.

The turquoise is Sheila's talismanic gem. It is believed to bring her true love and a happy marriage. Monday is her lucky day and 6 her lucky number.

A BLIND STENOGRAPHER

The minister of labor, Dr. Macnamara, gave an interesting account recently of an ex-service man, Mr. N. V. Kerr, as an illustration of how our disabled soldiers overcome their physical handicaps. Kerr had been blinded in the war, and had gone to St. Dunstan's, where he learned shorthand. He was now able to find his way to and from his work unaided. He was writing shorthand by the Braille system, at the rate of 100 words a minute, and was operating an ordinary typewriting machine at the rate of forty words a minute. How the man did it he (Dr. Macnamara) did not understand, but he sorted and filed his own correspondence. And, when typewriting work was slack, he acted as relief telephone operator, and controlled a switchboard of twenty extensions and five direct lines.

A Strike in the Kitchen

Shorter hours! Revolution and anarchy—and the latest recruit to the ranks of the rebels is the farm woman. The war against too long hours spent in a kitchen is on!

Last summer I visited my old college roommate, who lives on a farm, and when I jumped off the train to find Mary, cool and dainty, sitting in her car waiting for me, instead of her husband as heretofore I sensed a change.

When I saw her kitchen I began to suspect that a revolution had been brewing for some time, for the thoroughness of the reconstruction showed a well-planned and aggressive campaign, carried to the limit.

It had been one of those big roomy places, with a huge pantry at one side, such as you find on the average farm.

Mary had had trouble in bringing it about—her husband declared he "didn't want one of these measly little cubbyholes." He wanted to sit by the stove and warm his toes on wintry days if he took a notion. But Mary finally wore down all objections and set to work.

First a general cleaning out took place—cupboards were torn out of the pantry and everything moved. The walls were done over—white tile one-third the way and the remainder painted a soft blue. The kitchen was on the southeast, and the blue would add much to the coolness of the room. On the floor she put blue and tan linoleum and then was ready to furnish her kitchen.

The sink was moved over from the north wall under the windows on the south, where one might look outdoors. The engine which pumped water for the stock now pumped water for the kitchen, so that there was running water in the sink.

Broad, roomy cupboards were built along the north side, covering nearly the whole south wall, with deep shelves to house all the dishes and pans. The range was against the west side, close to a little door in the wall which opened into a wood box built against the outer wall and fitted with a hinged cover. The wood was put in from the outside and saved the tramping of dirt into the kitchen.

What Became of the Pantry

Against the opposite wall, between the outside and pantry doors, a kitchen cabinet was built with the cupboard and bins for supplies and the work table—a small table on casters. "A never ending joy"—so confided Mary. With the woodwork enameled white, blue and white curtains at the windows and a pot of parsley in each, the result was the most adorable of workrooms.

Aren't you beginning to wonder what became of the pantry wherein, myths of bygone days tell us, fat cooky jars and sticky jam pots lured small boys—and

big ones—to indiscretions? When all the cupboards had been taken out the result was a room about eight by eight feet. Along each side Mary had benches constructed and a stationary table built in the middle. When all was painted white and the window at the end curtained and blooming with geraniums the result was a dainty breakfast or lunch room.

Count up the hours this change in the kitchen would save. Think of the minutes—to say nothing of the steps—wasted in preparing a meal in the old kitchen.

My enthusiasm had reached the pitch where I was about to suggest that I resign my position as school teacher and assume the role of hired girl. But I heard Mary claiming about a new piece of equipment which did away with all need for help—in fact this wondrous bit saved money, labor, fuel and hours of time, also indigestion and bad dispositions. From the depths of her cupboards she hauled forth a pressure cooker.

It is a large aluminum kettle with a heavy lid held in place with clamps which made it both air and steam tight. The cooker works on the principle that steam under pressure is much hotter than boiling temperature. Food cooked in this cooker is prepared in half the time ordinarily required. On the cover is a gauge which registers pounds pressure, a safety valve which acts should the pressure inside be too great, and a pet cock through which steam escapes when the cooking is finished.

I was told that this cooker would cook dry beans or tough meats in thirty minutes, potatoes in fifteen, fruits in ten, and so on, without end. Whole dinners may be cooked at once and in one-third the time usually required. Besides, the cooker saves time in that there are not numerous pans and kettles to wash afterward.

I decided that my home would acquire this wonder at the earliest opportunity. No more hot tea and cold-biscuit suppers for me because I was too tired to spend the time getting more.

I saw a fireless cooker near the stove which Mary used when she was to be away all day and wanted supper as soon as she got home. Or she cooked cereal in it overnight to save time in the morning.

Another interesting thing was standing near the window which Mary called her iceless ice box. It was difficult to get ice on the farm and she had been lowering things into the cistern or well to keep them cold, until one day in town she found this. It is a large, round container with a close-fitting, high, rounded cover, made of unglazed, porous earthenware. The vessel is soaked in water for three minutes and then placed where a current of air strikes it. The evaporation keeps the food inside cold. One soaking will last for three days, and the results are most satisfactory.

A PRAYER REMEMBERED

A young, delicate, sweet-faced woman, a Salvation Army officer, was appointed to the charge of an Indian village, where the dominance of certain caste made any sort of missionary effort almost hopelessly difficult. On the face of it, no good had been accomplished for many months before her arrival. But the pale-faced captain set herself to pray. Every morning before the people were astir she crept through the slumbering village to the jungle beyond, with no other companion than her Bible, and on the same spot, morning after morning, she prostrated herself on her face before God—the God of India, she said in her petitions—to intercede for the souls which sat in darkness around her. And her prayers were answered, though not as she had asked or expected. She died, and never saw the fulfillment.

One day, a long time afterwards, a tall, powerful, handsome Hindu, with luminous eyes and regal bearing, called at the little mud hut which served as the officers' quarters, and told to that faithful captain the story, unknown as it was supposed, of the dead woman's prayers. He had followed her to the jungle, and, peering through the heavy under-

growth, had seen her throw herself upon her face and cry to the God of India—his country—and shed overflowing tears for the people of his village—her people, she called them. "Then," he said, "I believed that the God of that woman was a real God, and I made up my mind to worship Him." This was the beginning of a great wave of soul-saving in the village.

Tony Grisnick, a Kansas City grocer, was arrested by Lee Nelson, food inspector, after a housewife had complained Grisnick had sold her some antiquated eggs. The grocer pleaded not guilty in police court. "Is any one here a judge of good and bad eggs?" Judge McCombs asked, after hearing the evidence. No one responded. Nelson, who was prosecuting Grisnick, toyed with an egg above the judge's desk. "I guess we had better give Tony the benefit of the doubt, and—" began the judge. He was interrupted by a loud "pop." Nelson had dropped the egg. "You're fined \$25," shouted the judge.

In 21 years no fewer than 230 slight shocks of earthquake have been recorded in the British Isles, an average of almost exactly one a month.

The Robes of Royalty

The Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto, was recently the recipient of a royal gift of two State robes from the Coronation garments of Her Majesty, Queen Mary, and a cream silk negligee and two pairs of slippers from the wardrobe of Her Majesty, the late Queen Victoria.

The robes are Queen Mary's. The stately princess gown, which is of ivory satin hand-painted in such delicate water colors as to look almost like shadows of roses and bow knots, were worn on the occasion of Her Majesty's first State entry into London after the Coronation. The other was designed for some gorgeous festivity in connection with the Coronation and later, at a Drawing Room, when its beauty was further enhanced by a lovely veil of silver worn over the satin, so I was told by her Excellency, the Duchess of Devonshire, who made the formal presentation to the Museum and, by the way, has been Mistress of the Robes.

This robe is also of ivory satin, heavy and lustrous with overdress superbly embroidered with pearls, brilliants and silk floss. The lily design on the corsage is carried out in the floss, and the petals of the beautiful roses down the centre of the front panel, graduating in size, are done solid in pearls with a large one in the centre. The whole design is encrusted with pearls—thousands of them—and brilliants.

These are gifts. Her Majesty has graciously bestowed upon the Royal Ontario Museum, which incidentally has the largest collection of exhibits of any in the British Empire, outside the City of London, England, and stands third on the Continent of North America, and are the beginning of a collection of comparatively modern robes which Dr. C. T. Currelly, the Curator, hopes to add to very shortly. A number of titled and otherwise socially prominent English ladies, noted for their unimpeachable taste in dress, have promised soon to do-nate gowns they are now wearing, made by Worth and other notable couturieres.

Queen Victoria's negligee has nothing special in the way of style to make it interesting, save that it might have been designed yesterday instead of perhaps twenty-five years ago. Its coat front and narrow girdle which ties in front, bring it right up to date, though age has somewhat mellowed its creamy tint. However, there is something very interesting about this simple, comfy-looking garment. Everyone will remember that it was at an early hour in the morning when the schoolgirl Princess was informed that she was to be crowned Queen of England, and at the time she was wearing a white negligee, and thereafter, to gratify some sweet sentiment of her own, all her negligees were made of white, no matter what the material was.

The slippers are quaint little, soft, heelless affairs, just such as one might imagine any practical person, even a Queen, might choose for comfort, rather than style. One pair is of black corded silk and the other a fine, soft kid, with the finish worn off the top of the toe of one, where she constantly tapped it with her cane. One can imagine her Majesty's life-long friend, the fashionable ex-Empress Eugene, in their familiar intercourses, reprimanding her for this destructive habit. (I suppose Queens are privileged to reprimand each other in private.)

This is not the first royal gift the Museum has had. Last year a Toronto firm presented it with a collection of one hundred and seventy-two official robes from the Royal Palace of China. Only a few of these are on exhibition yet, as the number and size of the exhibits have outgrown the space, and not until the main building shall have been completed, will there be room to display the entire exhibit at once. This collection is also very interesting. Many of the robes are almost covered with embroidery, almost every stitch of which enters into the design of a symbol of rank, a wish for long life and happiness or something else

equally desirable to the Chinese conception of things to be desired. The coloring and execution are marvellous examples of the application of color and of infinite patience and skill and are valuable as a study to anyone interested in this form of decoration.

* * *

Apropos of interesting costumes, in the passage of fortune from master to man and from mistress to maid in the Old Land, during the trying years through which it has just come, many old and valuable family possessions, including jewels and ancestral robes, have been thrown upon the market, which collectors are gathering in as fast as they can, and the Royal Ontario Museum is likely to profit by the circumstance, for in addition to what other contributors have promised, the Canadian Women Designers Club, a group of bright young women who design women and children's garments for Canadian manufacturers, have authorized Dr. Currelly to purchase, in their name, the nucleus of a collection of these ancestral robes, for which they have pledged themselves to provide funds periodically. Their object is to have a collection of artistic garments from which they can study the traditions of their calling, as it can be done only from studying objects of art in Museums and Art Galleries. The designing of an artistic costume is no mean thing, as the success of Poiret, Worth and others testifies, and much of their inspiration has come from a study of color, design and fabric in the Museums and Art Galleries of the Old World.

* * *

The skating season is upon us, or should be, if it is not by the time this gets into print, and finds that the latest thing in skating costumes is a knitted dress. It can be machine knitted, but most of the knitted dresses I have heard about have been knitted by hand, the skirt in a purl stitch so that it looks like box-pleating. Some are knitted in one-piece princess style and others in two-piece, skirt and tuxedo sweater, worn with a frilly fronted blouse, decorated with hand drawn work. The colors preferred are brown or green heather. One of course wears brown shoes and heather hose with this costume.

Scarf, hat and mitts are made up in sets for skating and the long gauntlet top is the last word in fashionable skating or snow-shoeing mitts. There are also shimmery bags and caps for sports wear. These are made of fine wool, knitted into loops which are caught together in little bunches, giving the finished article a fluffy surface.

A very practical skating or snow-shoeing garment is a heavy sweater coat, knit just like a man's, with collar fastening up tight around the neck.

* * *

Apropos of nobody and nothing, I wonder if all the Christmas presents bought for friends this year will stay sold, or if some of them will be taken back to the store, where they were purchased, the day after Christmas and be converted into cash. Shocking suggestion! Yes, I know, but one has many interesting revelations, standing in the vicinity of the exchange offices in the big stores the day after Christmas. Down the long queue there is every type of parcel and prominent among them, when the paper wrapping is removed, is the holly covered box, and quite often the Christmas card still attached to the contents. Through the wicket it goes, and of course one doesn't follow to see whether the exchange slip is taken to the cashier to have the money refunded or to some section where goods are to be purchased but, (and one has it from casual conversations with merchants) people come with all sorts of ill-selected gifts, for which they have no possible use, and frankly say they would prefer the cash. We are all familiar with the woman who packs away quantities of gifts every year, either to be passed along to someone else or given to a bazaar the next year.

And, frankly, if we do not consult the wishes and tastes of our friends when we bring them gifts, can we blame them?

* * *

New York femininity is about as inconsistent as she can be and survive. Indeed, seriously, one wonders how long she will survive unless she mends her ways, or at least, puts on her spats; for while a huge collar surrounds her neck and shoulders, she trips up and down Fifth Avenue in sheer silk hosiery with lace inserts and low slippers, strapped over the instep. And her skirts are atrociously short! We used to try to describe the length of suit jackets by saying they were finger tip length, which would be almost better applied to the skirts one sees smart young people wearing in New York just now.

But this unseemly display of hosiery, according to a fashionable Fifth Avenue costumer, is to be short-lived. For next spring, he tells us he will make dress and suit skirts longer, say seven or eight inches from the floor. Speaking of spring attire, a peep at some two and three-piece suits which merchants in the south are buying, for visitors seeking a milder climate, revealed oodles of embroidery, put on in every possible design. One model of heavier wool jersey cloth, had large, round flowers, something like a conventional marguerite, done in white; these had a border of embroidery in contrasting shade around the bottom of coat and skirt, and sometimes around the coat only.

The three-piece suits are such practical, always ready garments that we wonder Canadians have never taken them more seriously. They have silk tops, the skirt joined on at a low waistline, the silk being either printed or elaborately embroidered. The coat is just the regulation suit coat. One having such a costume, has in reality a suit and dress.

The blouse of the hour for dress-up wear is of course the casaque of Georgette crepe, indestructible voile, crepe de Chine, or perhaps a combination of these materials gorgeously embroidered. When they came out first they were called "transformation" blouses, a name which was particularly suitable for with a pretty silk skirt, they do transform a blouse and skirt into a costume. Tuck-ins are now shown principally in tailored styles, as for instance the fine voile or batiste with hand drawn work decoration or a frilly front which is so popular at the moment with women selecting costumes for the south. These are extremely smart. Crepe de Chine is also made up in tuck-in style, and tailor finish, white being the color advocated by Dame Fashion. Tucking and some hand embroidery, such as eyelet, is used as trimming and the collar is convertible, so that it may be worn high or low according to the taste of her who wears it.

There were some beautiful white flannels and serges; some had white skirts and green or orange coats—regular sports suits.

IS FLIRTING DEAD?

They say so, I know—I have as a matter of fact read so in two or three daily papers quite recently.

So I suppose it must be, but I'd never have known it otherwise.

Personally, I should have thought that it wasn't dead but had just—like everything else has—changed its appearance a little since the war. Certainly it's no longer the fashion to flirt if flirting means blushing and pressing someone's hand and giggling coyly every time a man speaks to her, but, otherwise, I should have imagined that the girl of today flirts quite as much, if not more, than her predecessor.

If not, I'd like to know the following:

"What, I want to know, is she doing when she sits and discusses her soul with a man by the hour?

And what is she doing while she wanders with him on the links and leads him on to talking about the latest scientific discovery?

Does she care tuppence about her soul or science?

Not, at any rate, at the moment.

She is flirting—he may not know it, but she is for all that!

Chas. M. Alexander, The Gospel Singer

In the sudden home call of Mr. Charles M. Alexander, the Christian world has lost one of the most remarkable and best-loved Christian leaders of this generation; and probably the greatest conductor of Gospel singing of modern times. Tens of thousands in many lands mourn his loss. He who taught millions to sing—

"When by His grace
I shall look on His face.
That will be glory.
Be glory for me!"

is now himself in the Glory-land, enjoying the inexpressible bliss of the Saviour's countenance.

Mr. Alexander's life story reads like a modern version of the Act of the Apostles. Born in a log cabin in the hills of Tennessee, in 1867, he rose to worldwide fame and influence, and became a blessing to all Christendom. He was the singing associate of two of the greatest evangelists of our generation, Dr. R. A. Torrey and Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman; his wife was the daughter of a wealthy and influential British family: his hymnbooks sold by the million copies; while under his direction as head of the Pocket Testament League—of which his wife was the founder—

Millions in Many Lands "Signed Up"

to read and carry God's Word daily, and tens of thousands were led to a saving knowledge of Christ.

It was the writer's privilege to be associated with Mr. Alexander in the closest and most intimate manner for sixteen years, both in his revival campaigns and as leader of the Pocket Testament League. I loved him not simply because of his world-wide work for God; but chiefly because of those great qualities of heart and soul that made him—with the exception of my saintly mother—the sweetest and most radiant Christian character that I have ever known.

Mr. Alexander's power in prayer, and his passion for souls, were two of the outstanding features of his character. He told me that every great event in his career had come to pass in answer to prayer. It was just after the death of his father, and in direct answer to prayer, that he was led to devote his life wholly to the Lord, and received his lifelong love for souls. Here is his own account of the experience:

"I don't know definitely whether I was converted before that. When, following his death, I had to go across the city for an undertaker, late at night, it seemed to me as if my heart would break. I wanted to be absolutely certain that my father was in heaven, for I had not studied the Bible closely enough to know how the entrance there was gained. I knew he was an elder in a church, and all that; but as I went along the street I cried to God: 'If there is any way that Thou revealest Thyself to people, whether by vision, or voice, or impression, give me the certainty that my father is with Thee and safe; and I promised Him that I would serve Him all my life if He would but give me the assurance. As clearly as anything I ever experienced in my life, the impression came to me, 'Your father is up here with Me.' There and then I promised to serve God all my life, and the load lifted from me."

Filled as I was with thoughts of eternity, the buildings on each side of me looked like mere rubble, though I remember that before when I went down those streets I used often to say, "I should like to own one of those splendid blocks." Every time I saw a man coming out of a saloon I wanted to go up to him and throw my arms about him, and tell him: "You are going to hell, man. Why don't you accept Jesus Christ?" A great longing to save souls came to me that night, and has been with me—though I have sometimes grown cold—from that day to the present."

Mr. Alexander's Love for Souls permeated every part of his work as a leader of Gospel song. It was this that made his song ser-

vices not simply entertaining, but uplifting and inspiring in the highest degree. It was little wonder, when he visited Australia with Dr. Torrey, that his revival hymns swept the country like a whirlwind. His constant prayer was that his hymns might lead people to Christ. Here is his own account of how the "Glory Song" gripped Melbourne, and the blessing it brought.

"It seemed to me that everybody in Melbourne was singing the 'Glory Song.' Brass bands played in all sorts of places. The last day I was in Melbourne I had to rise very early to take train to Warhambool at five o'clock in the morning. As I came out, the maid was scrubbing the floor of the hall outside my door, and softly crooning:

"When by His grace
I shall look on His face,
That will be glory.
Be glory for me!"

I went down to the hotel office, took the receiver off the telephone.

Wishing to Telephone a Friend across the city, and as I placed it to my ear I heard the girl at the telephone exchange singing:

"Oh, that will be glory for me."

"I got on the train and started on my journey. As we passed through Terang, a man and his wife, whom I had met at the Melbourne Mission, came down to the station to meet us; and we had a few words together. The lady said: 'Mr. Alexander, I am sure you will be glad to know anything about the "Glory Song." I learned it at the Mission in Melbourne, and have been over today to talk to a friend on a dying bed. I was telling her about the Mission and the "Glory Song," and she asked me to sing her a verse. I sang one verse, and she said, 'Oh, that is so glorious! please sing another!' I sang another, and then sang the chorus, and while I was singing, "When by His grace I shall look on His face," she passed to see the King in His beauty!"

During recent years Mr. Alexander's passion for souls was revealed in his great enthusiasm for the Pocket Testament League. He realized that the League, which had been originated by his wife—who was formerly Miss Helen Cadbury—was not simply a Bible reading and carrying movement. He saw that it was a soul-winning plan of limitless possibilities; that it was a method that could be used by a boy or girl or a timid young man or woman to lead souls to Christ, and bring blessing to a church or community anywhere in the world. Hence his zeal for the spread of the League was boundless. He threw himself heart and soul into promoting it in public and private, in revival meetings, in Christian Endeavour conventions—wherever he went. Mr. Alexander was the director-general of the League work on both sides of the Atlantic during the world war, which resulted in "signing up" about a million soldiers and sailors to read and carry God's Word; and it is estimated that about one-fourth of them, or a quarter of a million, marked their decision for Christ when they enlisted in the League.

It was peculiarly appropriate and providential that Mr. Alexander's last work before he left America, a few weeks ago, was to put the finishing touches upon A plan that is so simple that it can be worked anywhere by any society or church with the most blessed and far-reaching results. It was Mr. Alexander's firm belief that the next great revival would be a Bible revival. His ardent hope was that the Bible Revival Campaign now being inaugurated would spread throughout America and to the uttermost parts of the earth. What better tribute could each minister pay to Mr. Alexander than to start a Bible Revival Campaign in his church and community? The campaign is being launched in conformity with the late Mr. Alexander's suggestion, under the direction of a committee of godly New York business men, and it is hoped before long to move along similar lines in Great Britain.

Pithy Paragraphs For Busy People

THE WEEK'S NEWS IN TERSE TERMS

Sunny South Fairly Wet

Statistics on the activities of the prohibition officers during 1920 in the southern prohibition district indicate that the south is not getting over its taste for alcohol. The following are some of the Volstead happenings in Virginia, North and South Carolina, Kentucky and Tennessee, the states which are included in the district: 9,401 illicit stills captured; 5,328 arrests made; fines totally \$288,585 collected; imprisonments totalling 2,378 months meted out; 27,812 gallons of liquor seized; over 3,000,000 gallons of mash and other maltings discovered; property valued at \$1,524,515 destroyed in raids; 409 automobiles, 8 boats, 66 vehicles, 93 horses and mules and one house confiscated as carriers of illicit whisky.

Deaf Mates Marry

There was a very quiet wedding when John O'Connor of Blaine, Neb., and Miss Susan Seivert, both deaf mutes, were married at Omaha, Neb. The officiating clergyman, Rev. J. Joseph Kroeger, a professor at Creighton University, used the sign language in performing the ceremony.

Consumption of Oil Passes Production

Oil production in the United States in 1920 totalled 443,402,000 barrels, while consumption of oil in the United States reached the total of 531,186,000 barrels, according to government figures announced recently. Imports of petroleum during 1920 amounted to 106,175,000 barrels, more than double the imports of 1919 and almost five times greater than imports of 1913.

Babies and Mothers Die From Lack of Care

Seventy thousand babies and 10,000 mothers died from childbirth in the United States last year. Mrs. Wm. K. Vanderbilt, member of the advisory council of the national organization for public health nursing, declared in a statement a few days ago, that this was due to lack of nursing.

Tobacco Grows Ask Protection

Higher protection for Canadian tobacco is asked for in a resolution passed in Chatham, Ont., last week, by a meeting of more than 100 tobacco growers and later forwarded to the Dominion government. The resolution asks that the duty on unstemmed tobacco of all grades be raised to a minimum of not less than \$1. per pound, and on stemmed tobacco not less than \$2 per pound, that the bonding privilege on tobacco imported from the United States be restricted so as to prevent the abuses complained of; that the importation of diseased tobacco into Canada be absolutely prohibited.

Barking Dogs Save Lives

Two dogs which were lost in the fire of the Forum Building, at Yonge and Gerrard Streets, Toronto, by their incessant barking probably saved the lives of seventeen people who were trapped on the upper floor of the building in question. Their continued yelping awakened the caretaker and attracted the attention of a constable on his beat just after midnight. Smoke was then flooding the building and when the policeman and caretaker roused the people on the third story of the building the flames had gained such headway that some of them had to make their escape via the roof. Most of the inmates of the structure escaped in their night clothing. The Forum Building was at least forty years old and a fire trap. It was totally destroyed in fifty minutes. The lower floors were occupied by a business canteen and various stores and shops. The building was owned by the Canada Life Assurance Company. The total damage is estimated at \$150,000.

\$50,000 Ransom Asked for Missing Woman

A second demand for a ransom for Mrs. Clara Witherall, who was kidnapped two weeks ago was given out by the police in Los Angeles. The typewritten note slipped under the door of the Witherall home, said: "Mr. Witherall: Your wife is safe. Don't worry until you hear further from me. Have \$50,000 cash ready for me, as you will hear from me again soon. Don't notify police or detectives or all will be lost."

Dies at 119

Patrick Healey, 119 years old, and believed to have been the oldest man in California, died recently after a short illness. Healey, who was born in Ireland, March 17, 1802, came to America in 1840. He lived in California during the last 69 years. Rev. Father Sebastian of Ukiah, Cal., on visiting Ireland recently, verified Healey's birth record. Healey boasted of never having been sick. His mind was keen and active until death.

Dirigible Beyond Repair

The dirigible R-34 which was damaged early last week while making a landing and which, after drifting out to sea, was finally maneuvered back to her base here, suffered another mishap later, being badly damaged by a strong wind. As it was almost cut in two, it is announced the airship's flying days are over and she will be dismantled. On her arrival at Hadden, Friday night, efforts to house the damaged dirigible were unsuccessful. She was tethered with great difficulty to a special anchorage, and was thus exposed to the wind.

Fully Qualified as Nurse

During the hearing of an income tax case in the Regina police court last week, the wife of the man charged was nursing a baby. She was called to the witness stand and at the summons looked around helplessly for a place to put the infant. A police officer volunteered for the job of holding it and the crowd smiled as the baby nestled in his arms. When the mother returned the child was fast asleep. The policeman, who is attached to the detective squad has seven children of his own at home and is fully qualified.

Ordered to Wear Pearl Necklace

A court order directing Mrs. James B. Blum to wear for 'thirty days each year, under police guard, the \$10,000 pearl necklace of a relative in order to keep "life" in the gem through their contact with a human body, was issued by the superior court of San Francisco last week. Since the death of Mrs. Blum's relative the pearls have not been worn and have lost much of their lustre as a result.

Boycott Attempt is a Failure

The boycott, against functions held in honor of the visit of the Duke of Connaught to India, and which was requested by the Bengal Provincial Congress, has been largely a failure, although a general strike became partially effective on the arrival of the Duke, who was received in state. Thousands of people cheered the Duke along the route from the station to Government House, where he was received by the ruling princes. The attempt at boycotting the Duke is led personally by M. K. Ghandi, the revolutionary leader.

"Queen of Hoboes" Committed Suicide

Evelyn Butler, seventeen years old, who has styled herself the "Queen of the Hoboes," jumped off the Fraser river bridge in Vancouver recently and was drowned. The girl left her home in Prince George a short time ago and came to Vancouver with the intention of making a tour of the world. She was detained in Vancouver by the police who intended to send her home. She escaped from the industrial home and was on her way across the bridge when, to avoid arrest she leaped into the river below, a distance of sixty feet. She came to the surface and swam for about 100 yards and then sank. Her body has not been recovered.

Farmer Victim of Foul Play

Because of the discovery that William Anderson, farmer of Matsqui, had \$400 in his possession when he was last seen on January 20, it is feared that there has been some foul play as no trace of him has been found. The police have learned that about the time he was preparing to cross the Fraser to Matsqui, two suspicious looking characters were seen in the vicinity.

Drugs and Liquor

Secreted beneath the verandah of a house on Georgia Street, Vancouver, the police have found \$50,000 worth of narcotic drugs and 258 cases of Chinese liquor.

Mother and Son Killed in Explosion

Mrs. Cora E. Castner, widow, aged 55, is dead and her son Melvin Castner, 26, is dying as the result of an explosion of unknown origin which destroyed their home and shook the whole southern section of the city. Melvin Castner, with a broken leg, was found 20 feet away from the body of his mother, which was lying near the kitchen stove with the clothing on fire.

When Ordering Goods by Mail Send a Dominion Express Money Order

James Boys' Era Sweeps States

A new generation of Al Jennings and the James brothers has come forth in the States, making front pages of newspapers read very thrillingly indeed. Robberies of the United States' mails are on the increase and according to postoffice inspectors are due to "unrest." "These young bandits think all they have to do is to steal a mail pouch and collect a fortune," said the acting chief postal inspector of Chicago. "Most of the thefts are the bandits nothing. A robbery advertised as a half million dollar affair often simmers down to a half million dollars in cancelled checks." Inspector Germer admitted there have been choice pouch robberies in which the bandits obtained large sums of money. "Pouch robberies have been advertised so extensively that bandits are turning their attention to the kind of theft," he said. Most mail robberies are committed by amateurs, he said.

To Open Industry

Representatives of an English wood, silk and other pulp products, have investigated the city of Sarnia, Ont., with the view of opening their Canadian branch there. Another city is also contemplated but Sarnia has the advantage owing to its water power.

Kaiser's Adviser Dead

Prof. Theodore Scheimann of the chair of history in the University of Berlin, and former personal adviser of Former Emperor William of Germany, died in Berlin on Wednesday, according to a despatch to the London Times.

Protest Against Helping Chinese

In protest against a tag day collection for Chinese famine sufferers, unemployed veterans soldiers of Vancouver picketed the streets carrying signs urging the withholding of donations for China in favor of aiding the unemployed at home.

Destroyed by Dynamite

The dam at Cold Spring, about twenty miles from St. Cloud, Minn., was practically destroyed by an explosion recently. A section of the dam 20 feet wide with two turbines, was torn out at the Cold Spring Power Company's plant. Officials said about 100 pounds of dynamite apparently had been used. A reward of \$2,000 has been offered by the village for capture and conviction of those who caused the explosion. The dam has been the cause of court action since 1856 when it was built, objections being voiced to it on the ground that 1,000 acres of land were damaged by it.

GROCERS TAKING LESS PROFIT IN MANY LINES

Red Rose Tea People Make A Further Statement

Some of our friends among the grocers, in speaking of our letter to the press on grocers' profits, have indicated that apparently it has been construed by some readers to mean that Red Rose Tea was the only article on which the grocer takes a smaller profit, in order to give his customers a higher quality.

It was not our intention to convey such an impression, as we know that most grocers sell well known brands of other goods at less profit than they could make on some brands equally well known, and for the same reason that they recommend Red Rose Tea, simply to give their customers the best possible value.

In our letter we mentioned Red Rose Tea because it naturally came first to our mind and because we knew that grocers were selling it at a less profit than they make on other teas.—T. H. Estabrooks Co., Limited, Winnipeg, Man.

Wife Discovers Duplicity

Ara J. Perry, a tinner in the city court, Ithaca, N.Y., recently discovered that he had been corresponding with his own wife through a matrimonial bureau. Letters and photographs which he had sent to "Blanche Perry" the name his wife assumed, were produced in court by the wife, when Perry was arraigned on a charge of disorderly conduct.

Education in Canada

No country has planned more liberally for education than Canada.

In some of our provinces one-eighteenth of the public land has been set aside for educational purposes and as the population increases the land not yet sold will grow more valuable. British Columbia has set apart 2,000,000 acres for her provincial university. And in addition taxes are levied for the support of the schools in the district.

In Canada the provinces have control of education and each province has established a system suited to its own needs. Two things are the same, however, in the educational systems of each province. Education is free in the lower grades, and the children must attend a certain length of time. While the attendance law is not always enforced, in some districts it is hardly needed.

Ontario has the largest number of schools and spends the largest amount in education, although it does not spend as much on every individual child as the western provinces do. In some of the rural schools there are continuation schools, which provide two or even three years of high school work for children who live too far away from a high school or collegiate institute to attend it. Quebec has more schools and more teachers than any other province but it does not spend so much money as Ontario. Prince Edward Island, with the smallest population, naturally has the fewest children in school.

Quebec, Ontario, Alberta and Saskatchewan have separate schools for Roman Catholics. The other provinces have only one system of public schools, as in the United States, and parents who do not wish their children to attend them, must either support private schools or send their children to schools supported by churches.

Some of the church schools receive aid from the government if they meet certain requirements.

The Men Who Manage the Public Schools

In every province there is at least one officer in direct charge of the public schools, who is usually not changed when the government passes from one party to another.

Sugar Is Being Manipulated

Local sugar dealers declare that an investigation is due in sugar prices. Today the price of British Columbia granulated sugar rose 50c a cwt., while the price of raw in New York dropped four points, reaching a new low level. Furthermore, they say that eastern refineries have stopped selling west of Regina. Local dealers state that such a situation is absurd and should be investigated.

Plan Trip to Fort Norman

A syndicate of Vancouver citizens has organized a journey to the oil fields of Fort Norman by airplane and preparations are now being made for the trip. The local pilots who will compete with the aviators who have been engaged by the Imperial Oil Company and with other expeditions in the flight to the far north are Captain J. W. Hobbs and Lt. R. L. Horie. Lt. Horie will act as field engineer of the expedition. J. R. Estey, local engineer, who is interested in the project and is familiar with the country to be travelled, stated that the attempt to reach Fort Norman would not be made until the opening of navigation. The party will enter by way of Edmonton and Fort McMurray. Seaplanes have been decided upon as the most suitable type of aircraft for the trip.

Will Consider Railway

The Hudson's Bay Company is seriously looking into the proposal to build a light gauge railway across the portage from the Slave river to the Mackenzie at Fort Smith, according to Angus Brabant, commissioner of the company. Mr. Brabant states, however, that nothing will be done in the way of actual construction during this year. Preliminary arrangements are already under way and the road will be commenced in 1922. Developments in the northern oil country will have a good deal to do with the railroad progress, the commissioner points out and the company will wait until more is known of the possibilities in the Great Slave Lake and Fort Norman fields.

ernment passes from one party to another. He is called Deputy Minister, Superintendent of Education, Superintendent of Public Instruction, or some such name, and has, of course, many assistants, who visit the schools, advise teachers and parents and the like.

In Quebec the man in charge of all the schools has two deputies called secretaries, one for the Protestant schools and the other for the Catholic schools. Some provinces have a Minister of Education, who is a member of the government and changes with the change of party. In all the provinces there is a sort of board of education to direct, in a general way, those who manage the schools.

High Schools and Collegiates

Beyond the elementary schools are the high schools and collegiate institutes, supported wholly or in part by the public. Ontario has the best system of high schools, but other provinces are gaining rapidly. In collegiate institutes pupils sometimes can do some of the work required in college or university. Sometimes the higher schools are not entirely free, but small fees are charged.

Then, too, there are private schools and church schools which prepare for the universities. The different provinces also support normal schools to prepare men and women for teaching. Some of these are first class institutions in every respect. Some of the universities also have departments of education for the same purpose.

The Colleges in Canada

In Canada some colleges give degrees, some are parts of a university, some are "affiliated" with a university, which gives a degree when satisfied that the students are worthy. Some teach their students on certain subjects, while in others they attend classes in a university college. Others do not give degrees, but only prepare students for the university. The best known institution of the last kind is Upper Canada College, Toronto, which has a wide reputation. Bishop Ridley College at St. Catharines, is another well known school of this kind.

In some provinces there are agricultural colleges which teach scientific farming, and technical colleges which train men for engineering, mining and the like.

Canadian Universities

There are about twenty institutions with university powers in this country, but not all of these are real universities. Some are too new to have properly developed all departments, or to have gained a wide reputation. Some are too poor to build the laboratories necessary for the advanced study of science, engineering or medicine; or to pay great scholars to join their faculties; for the fees which can be charged for university instruction can never pay its cost. The remainder has to be made up by the state, the church, or by gift from private individuals. Wealthy men of Canada have made many large gifts to some of the universities.

Six provinces in Canada have provincial universities. These are, New Brunswick, Ontario (The University of Toronto), Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta; British Columbia is developing a great university. McGill University was founded by a private individual and has been endowed by others. The other universities are more or less under the care of different churches.

The best known universities in this country are Laval, the great Roman Catholic institution at Quebec, with a branch in Montreal; McGill, in Montreal, with its many schools and affiliated colleges; Queen's at Kingston, founded by the Presbyterian church, but now attended by many other denominations, and the University of Toronto, the largest of them all. In all of them, as well as in some of the less known institutions, are great scholars, some trained abroad, some in the United States, and some are products of the Canadian institutions themselves.



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Women's Corner

A FEW RAMBLING REMARKS
BY A PRAIRIE WOMAN

In this country of hard work and ambition, where everyone is so anxious to get on and to make headway in life, and where there are such opportunities, I sometimes think we are inclined to overlook some of the finer qualities of the heart, such as love, sympathy and compassion, and in the struggle for existence we begin to think that these things are rather weaknesses than virtues. For instance, a minister's wife once said to me, "People seem so hard in this country," she continued, "I had a case of a poor family in our church; the man had been out of work and the woman had four little children, they were in great straits, so I went to a number of women in the congregation to enlist their sympathy, and was astounded at the coldness of their response. Oh, some of them subscribed," she said, "but they made me understand very plainly that they considered that people should not get into such a condition; that either they had been thrifless when they had had the opportunity to make money, or that the woman should put her

shoulder to the wheel and prevent them from going further down the grade. 'Why,' said one woman to me, when my husband was ill, years ago and we were not as well off as we are now, I had three children, no money coming in, did I wait for a subscription, no, I took in washing and ironing and we managed!' She set her lips firmly and that was the end of it to her. 'She managed,' and others could manage too, so far as any help from her was concerned. 'That was her attitude,' remarked the minister's wife.

It seems to me a pity if the trials and hardships of life should make callous those softer feelings of love and compassion which should be at the bottom of every true woman's heart. If suffering brings to us no realization of the pain suffered by others and no desire to relieve others, the world were indeed a sunless and hopeless place. Let us not allow the difficulties of life to close our hearts and make us impervious to the struggles of others who may be weaker than we and not so well equipped for the battle. Perhaps we have endured, suffered and conquered, but maybe that other who is called upon to go through the same slough of despond and suffering may not be as strong, and the insidious current which we fought against and over which we won, may drag the other down; the wave upon the crest of which we triumphantly rose, may arrogantly ride over and swamp the weaker one. So let us not be too proud in our conquest; let us not be too arrogant in our success. For the qualities which have brought success to us let us be humbly grateful; for the circumstances which have combined to make us successful, let us give thanks, and in so doing open our hearts to those who are struggling and wrestling with great odds, ever ready to lend a helping hand, and to be one of the circumstances which may bring them out on top.

As this material goes to press we are having delightful weather on the prairies and every dweller on the plains thinks the same thought, "If we only had these kinds of winters all the time, nothing could make me want to live at the coast, or even south. And indeed, no wonder because there is a tang and an inspiration in this western air when it is soft and balmy with which the pleasant days in the south cannot hope to compete. Life does indeed give compensations. The prairie

is the land of the workers and the air of the prairie certainly gives an impetus to work which the softness and sunniness of a blander climate could not do. And speaking of lovelier climates yesterday I saw a beautiful box of violets and green leaves which had been sent all the way to the prairies from Vancouver. It was a real breath of springtime, and brought me sweet scented visions of softly, green woods wherein dwell shady trees, cool rivers, and fresh springs, pretty little rustic cottages with rambler roses growing over them and all the delights of an old world country scene. The world is indeed, a beautiful place but its very variation is to my mind, its greatest beauty. A succession of rustic cots and rambler roses, like too many chocolates at one time would become nauseating, but when we reach them through broad stretched as snowclad prairies overtopped by wide spaces, of clear blue sky they are delightful. So it seems to me that the joys of life and its successes would become dull and uninteresting if they occurred daily, but the long stretches of work and effort over which we have to pass before we reach them, make them so much the more entrancing when we come to them.

Prairie Woman is desirous of receiving letters from all women interested in this page. She is open to advise on all matters of domestic and human interest. Life is very complex in these days and there may be some lonely woman who has no one in whom she cares to confide close at hand, but who feels it would help her to write to Prairie Woman. If so, she may be assured that her confidence will be kept sacred and that Prairie Woman will do all in her power to advise and help. Address your letters "Prairie Woman," 903 McCallum-Hill Building, Regina, Sask.

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INVENTIONS

guished but the click of typewriters in the sunny offices, and in the kitchen there was a promising clink of utensils as the cook bustled about preparing a dinner for her large family.

The tired youngsters were mostly sleeping the dreamless sleep which comes to youth when physically exhausted, and there was no doubt that the long journey had been a very trying one to them all. Martha, however, could not sleep and her eyes travelled slowly down the rows of little cots on which her companions lay, as she tried to realize that she was so many miles away from England, the only home she knew, and while she had no relations near and dear to her there, yet she felt an ache in her heart as she realized that now even the landscape would be strange to her.

"What a pretty place Hazel Brae looks, doesn't it Glory?" said Martha, as they trudged up the winding path. They were so tired, so hungry, poor mites, and the sight of anything that looked like home and rest would have been very welcome to them, but especially welcome was the pretty grey house surrounded by the green trees and the smooth lawns of Hazel Brae.

The sun came out brilliantly as they neared the wide verandah and old Smith, who had watched this proceeding periodically for twenty-five years, just looked up from his gardening for a minute and gazed at the newcomers as he doffed his cap to the ladies leading the little procession. Smith was a very prosaic person, but he was nevertheless a wizard with flowers and gardens, and kept Hazel Brae in perpetual bloom.

"Yes, I s'pose it's pretty," replied Glory wearily. Her little face had a slight pink flush on it and her hair could not be hidden by even the most unbecoming of hats, and formed an aureole about her which brought out the violet of her eyes and the delicacy of her transparent skin, "but somehow Martha I can't see the prettiness in these big places any more at all. I like little things, little people, little houses, cosy cottages and tiny gardens. This bigness makes me feel tired. I believe Marfa I even like my tiny country England best."

Martha looked anxiously at the fragile little figure. She was so quaint and so sweet, what if anything should happen to her and the older girl felt a queer aching pain at her heart. She had not realized how much until now her nature clung to this lovely child who depended so much upon her.

"You are tired and hungry, darling," she said softly as another might have said it, "when you have eaten and rested you will be brave and strong again. You know darling, we are not just the same as other children. We have to develop strength, we must not think about what we would like to have and to be but of what we are going to make of our lives and how happy we are going to be in the future."

"Yes Marfa, I know, you are such a dear, I will try to be good and not worry. I like Miss Mitchell, don't you?" she added naively, "and I think she likes me too. She stroked my hair and looked so kindly at me with a mother's eyes. Don't you think all kind eyes are like mothers' eyes?"

"Yes I do think so," replied Martha, "I think I read that somewhere once, you are an old-fashioned little girl to think that yourself."

"Now girls," said Miss Mitchell's clear, quiet voice, "please don't talk any more until I have called the register. I want to make quite sure you are all here," she went on with a pleasant smile, "before we go into the dining room. I know you are hungry and tired, but you will soon have a hot bath and something to eat, then Nurse Carter will see that you all go to bed for a couple of hours, so just be patient a few more minutes."

And after the arrival of the newcomers it was not long before in the "Home" at Hazel Brae" no sound could be distin-

(To be continued)

MARKED DUCKS

The news dispatches said that in January, 1920, Mr. H. D. Leidig killed a mallard duck about forty miles from Charleston, South Carolina, which was found to have two leg bands attached to it. Investigation shows that this duck was one of a brood of ten ducks, wild mallards, reared by the well-known wild game protectionist, John T. Miner, of Kingsville, Ontario, whose strange little breeding pond is one of the most famous preserves on the continent. Mr. Miner says that this brood of ducks was tagged on May 25, 1919. He gave each one a name, so could trace the fate of each as the reports of the tags came in. Two were killed within a few miles of the breeding place in October. In December one was killed near Columbus, Ohio, and by January this one was reported in Charleston. Two others were killed in South Carolina in December, and one was killed in Louisiana. It would seem that not very many of that litter of ducks will ever see the home farm again. Miner's preserve is a wonder in its way. It is a little lake right in among his factory buildings, and yet each year it is visited by hundreds of wild geese and great numbers of learned that it is a safe refuge, and they come annually in increasing numbers.

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PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Subject for Sunday evening.
"ASSISTING OTHER POSSIBILITIES."

The annual business meeting of the Presbyterian Church was held on Tuesday evening last, Feb. 8th.

The attendance was not large but was very representative and the spirit that could be detected in the question of interest to all was a recommendation sent in from the Ladies Aid Society that we prepare for the building of a Mission Hall for the summer. The matter was discussed at some length and encouragement given. A full report of the business will appear in these columns next week.

The ladies kindly provide cake and refreshments. The evening was enjoyed by all.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND

The Church of England will hold Divine Service in the School room on Sunday next at 10:30 a.m., consisting of Holy Communion and Sermon.

The Rev. W. C. MARSH.

Mr. Marsh wishes to meet all the officers of the W.A. at the V.C.S. after this service. Please try and be there.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH

There will be Mass in the Church of Carbon the last Sunday of the month, Feb. 27th.

Lorne McQuade has not returned as yet. Hurry up Mc. let's know the verdict.

Bob Gibson "blew" into town last Saturday evening and spoke to him about his new patent. He tried to explain it to us for about an hour after over weathering the storm, we must confess that we are not much wiser. Anyhow he hope he sells the patent for a good price.

Carbon, Feb. 8, 21.

Dear Editor:

It is often said that the interest of the small towns and cities and that of the Organized Farmers are opposed.

Anyone who gives this subject careful thought, will see that this is absurd; when the Farmers are prosperous the town and cities are also, and if the Farmers are not prosperous, towns and cities cannot be.

The object of this is to provoke thought along the line of mutual help and improvement for our town and cities.

We have in and around Carbon many organizations, such as the different churches and their Aids, Guilds, etc., the Board of Trade, Masons, Knights of Columbus, the Benefit and Protection and the W.F.A. which is composed of members of all these different bodies.

With so many organizations working for the good of one and all, it is hard to see how they can be found working together to accomplish something worth while.

They are each doing a good work in their own interest, but when we all work together more could and should be done.

Will you, Mr. Editor, open the columns of your valuable paper, so that the members of the different societies may be able to meet and work together to accomplish more good for Carbon.

It is well to know how Carbon can be made the best town to buy in, the best town to educate our children in, the best town to live a long life in. In fact we want to know how to make it the best town in Alberta. — L. B. H.

The annual meeting of the Carbon Municipality will be held on Monday, Feb. 21st at 7 p.m. in the Municipal Hall.

Died at the home of Mr and Mrs. Adam Berens their infant daughter Elinor, Tuesday night Jan. 28th. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. A. Kujath at the Baptist Church. Remains were laid in the Baptist cemetery.

Mr. G. Metzger is still on the sick list.

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THREE HILLS Alberta

W. L. TOLTON
AUCTIONEER

For Sales and all other information address to
HARRY EVANS, Clerk

ALEX REID & SON

Village Lots for Sale from \$50.00 up.

Also several Good Farms from 160 acres up to 640 acres in size. The Finest Wheat Lands in Alberta.

JOS. J. GREENAN, B.A.

Barrister, Solicitor
and Notary Public

(Also of Ontario Bar)
Local Agent for

Dominion Life Assurance Co.

Farm Lands and Town Lots for sale

CARBON Alberta

WANTED—Situation round Carbon, Housework or anything else, where baby could be kept.

Box, No. 201.

Sure "nuf"—The man with a smile is still smiling but he wishes to appear as a very admirable "gentleman". The middle-brown announcement made last week was what our Italian friends might "shoota de bull" although he wears a very disappointed expression and we sympathize and wish him better luck next time.

Suitable reward will be paid for information leading up to the recovery of one lost Swede who strayed away from his home last week, and who, to date has not shown up again, answers to the following description, about six foot six inches tall, dark brown hair, very light mustache (very light) when last seen was wearing mitts, the management of the mine are very anxious to hear of his whereabouts.

The following left Tuesday for Acme on a Bonspiel Contest:

H. Evans, W. Poxon, F. Morris, D. Heath, T. Ramsey, C. Berrett.

LIVE PIGS

For three strenuous hours the auctioneer had tried to work his listeners up to the proper pitch of enthusiasm. But either the weather or their lunch had disagreed with them, and the bidding wouldn't be aroused.

The sale was one of horses, and lot after lot went for very poor prices. At last a very sorry animal was led into the ring.

"Now gentlemen," shouted the auctioneer, "what offers for this lot? Will somebody start the bidding?"

There was a pause. Then a voice came slowly from somewhere in the middle of the crowd.

"Two dollars!" it said.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" protested the auctioneer tearfully. "The horse is alive!"

FARMERS' EXCHANGE HALL

SATURDAY, FEB. 12th.

HARRY CARRY

featuring in

BARE FISTS

CALGARY LIVE STOCK

STEERS Close this week

Choice \$8.00

Good Butcher 7.25

Medium Butcher 5.75

Common Butcher 4.50

Feeders 5.25

Stockers 4.00

HEIFERS

Choice 5.75

Good heifer 4.00

Stockers 4.50

COWS

Choice 6.25

Good Butcher 5.25

Medium Butcher 4.25

Common Butcher 3.75

Stockers 3.75

Gimmers 2.50

Springers 0.50

OXEN

Choice 4.50

Good Butcher 3.50

Common Butcher 3.00

CARRIERS

Choice 7.00

Heavy calves 4.00

BULLS

Choice heavy butcher 4.50

Medium butcher 4.00

CARRIERS

Choice light 3.00

Heavy calves 2.50

WETHERS

Choice 7.50

EVES

Choice 5.50

LAMBS

Choice 10.00

HOGS

Off cars 14.75

ANTRAV One Red Cow
branded  on left ribs. Apply
to JAMES GORDON, Carbon.

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